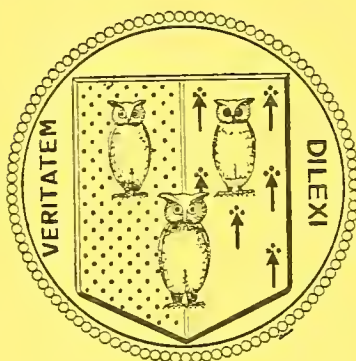


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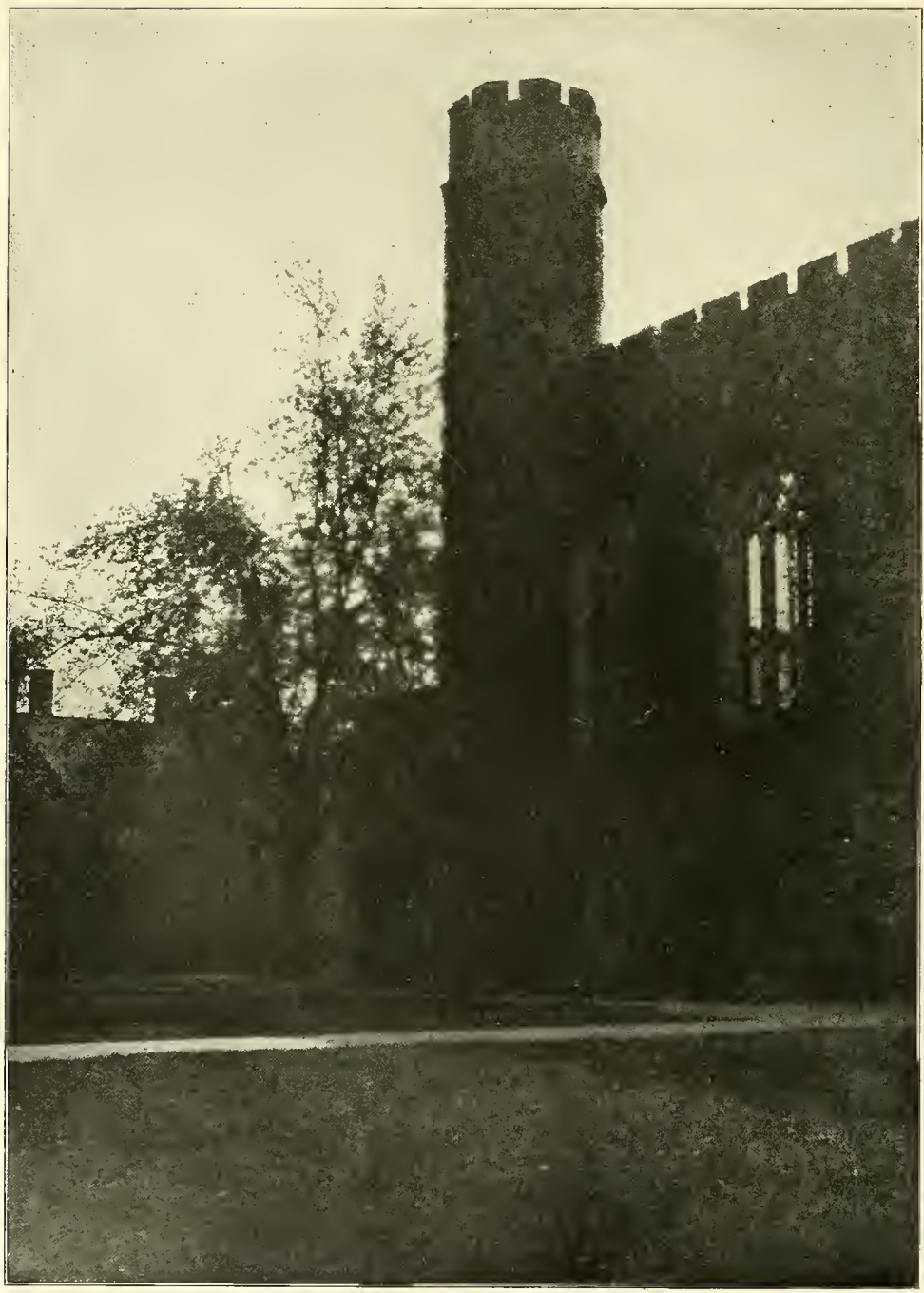
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The Class Book of 1923



“ And so from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale.”

To

Marion Edwards Park

Honorary Member of the Class of 1923

this book is dedicated

with the hope that it will amuse her



THE 1923 CLASS BOOK

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Editors

MARION HOLT

EVELYN PAGE

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RUTH BEARDSLEY

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FRANCES CHILDS

FRIEDA SELIGMAN

ALICE SMITH



Freshman Year

*In swaddling clothes
Behold the bud
Of sweet and gentle
Womanhood.*



Elizabeth Vincent

Class Officers

President

FLORENCE MARTIN

Vice-President and Treasurer

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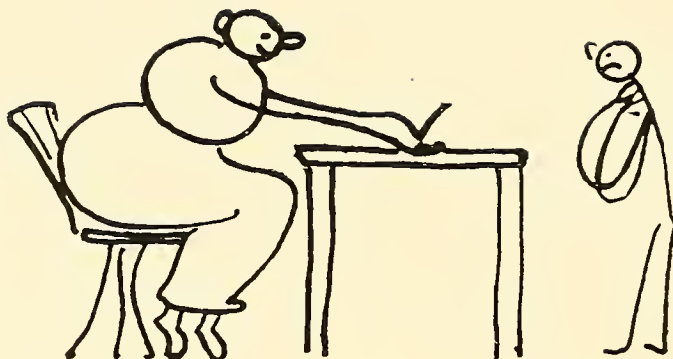
CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—*Assistant Treasurer*, Margaret Dunn.

BRYN MAWR REVIEW—*Editorial Board*, Dorothy Burr, Evelyn Page.

BUSINESS BOARD, Marion Lawrence.

COLLEGE NEWS—Elizabeth Child.

SONG MISTRESS—Vernelle Head (resigned), Katharine Raht.



Freshman Show

D. M. went to the infirmary with a sore throat.

"I've got a sore throat," said D. M.

"Yes," said Dr. Kemp sympathetically.

"Don't you want to see it," said D. M.

"I've seen sore throats before," said Dr. Kemp.

We went down to the gymnasium with a Freshman Show.

"We've got a Freshman show," said we.

"Yes," said the audience sympathetically.

"Don't you want to see it?" said we.

"Oh, we've seen Freshman shows before!" said the audience.



Animal Song of 1923

Our animal song is a glorious thing,
Though just a bid hard for a human to sing—
However we sing it when shadows are stealing
About us at even—when most we are feeling
Essentially sacred and touched by the thought
That for our Green Griffin we ever have fought.
'Twas in the far past that we first learned that song.
We practiced it low and we practiced it long,
We practiced it long because we were dumb
And we practiced it low for we thought there were some
Odd hundred inquisitive sophomore ears
Just waiting to track down our secret, Our fears
Were ungrounded, 'tis sad to relate,
For though with a foresight both clever and great
We secretly crept as a class to the vil
And whispered the tune at K. Shumway's until
The wonderful words, 'mountain goat you are free
We'll follow the green flame till eternity,'
Did tremble quite easily forth from our lips.
Then the guard at the window peeks out, quickly dips
At the sight of an innocent girl walking by,
For a moment we wait, then as easy as pie
We steal from the house and creep home through the by-ways,
With our secret quite safe, and yet History says
With its cruel disregard of our masterful skill,
In protecting our song,—and the truth rankles still—
That the sophomores had voted quite one week before
Not to sleuth us at all, sleuthing being a bore
And much too rah-rah and collegiate. Here ends
The tale of our song and its griffin, dear friends.

My Daughter, Oh, My Daughter!

*Supreme Court of the United States
Washington, D. C.*

My dear Miss Ruth:

Your father, an old friend of mine, has sent me your note to him in which you ask him to procure from me an article on Helen Taft, "an appreciation in lighter vein". Really this asks more than I am capable of. I do appreciate Helen in all veins serious and light, but being her father, family modesty should make me hesitate to comply with your request. I have often been asked to write impossible articles on impossible subjects. I have usually found in such cases that the person who asks and suggests has something definite in mind and ought to have written it without seeking expression of it through another. More than this, though Helen is now in London with her husband and her baby engaged in research on which to base theses for Ph. D. degrees for all three, she will return next Fall and I would not dare expose myself to her criticism of anything which I, in my innocence of the higher standard of criticism of the educated female mind, might say in praise of her. I might dwell on features of her character and incidents of her career which she would wish to minimize or ignore, or I might fail to laud traits and talents that I have not discovered, but which she with her better opportunity for observations and after conference with her husband properly appraises. Surely you would not wish to introduce into our now happy family relations any such possibility of disturbance.

For these reasons, my dear Miss Ruth, I must ask you to excuse me from essaying the difficult and dangerous task you would impose. I know the importance which you emphasize in your note to your father, of making the 1923 Class Book of Bryn Mawr a success, but you would not, I am sure, sacrifice the possibility of my future happiness in attaining it.

With best wishes,

Sincerely yours,

WM. H. TAFT.

NOTE:—Mr. Taft has since retracted and given us carte blanche.



I'm just a wee woman,
And you ask me to run like
A great swift horse
Down the field!
How tender a thing is a woman's
Hand—and you ask
Me to carry this great rough
Log of a hockey stick!
How charming a thing is the gentle
Rise and fall of a woman's chest
As she breathes—and softly sighs—
And you ask me to run till
I heave and gasp like a
Great strangled beast!
How lovely a thing is
A woman in repose and at peace—
And you ask me to become all
Warlike and agitated
And make bold and unshapely motions.
Hockey is not for wee women.

The Etiquette of Damning the Dinner

Table talk at Bryn Mawr is traditional. As the traditions of an institution are supposedly peculiar (very) to that institution, it is probable that freshmen are not accustomed to this form of table talk,—at least those freshmen coming, as some of them are apt to, from politer circles. The ensuing chart, listing the correct conversation for each course will therefore be of help, especially when one's neighbor is a debutante or an athlete, with whom one has no other common complaint.

I. Water.

You should say to your partner on your right, gazing searchingly into your glass, "Ugh!" To which she should reply, "How perfectly vile!" This may lead to a discussion of what was observed under the microscope in Bi.

Helpful Hints:

1. It's only an ant.
2. You inadvertently drink the water anyway.

II. Soup:

You should say to your partner on your right, pushing it away, "Ugh!" To which she replies, "Dishwater!" This leads to a discussion of why one should eat soup from the side of a spoon which comes to a convenient point?

Helpful Hints:

1. Who bit this spoon?

III. Meat:

You should say to the partner on your right, "What, if anything, is this?" To which she replies, "Meat." This leads to a discussion of the species, family and gender of the animal which produces the college meat.

Helpful Hints:

1. Goat,—in which case we wish it had remained "wild and free" forever.
2. Tin cans.
 - a. one can die from eating canned meat.
 - b. one probably won't.

IV. Spinach:

You should say to the waitress, "No thanks,"—then turning to your right

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hand partner say, "Pass me the bread." To which she will say to the person three seats down, "Bread."

Helpful Hints:

1. It is better to raise your own voice and say "Bread," facing the most distant end of the table.
2. This failing, have the bell rung and repeat, "Bread".
3. Sometimes the simple expedient of laying the upper part of the body on the table, and reaching the full length of the arm is effective.

V. Tomato:

You should say to the waitress "No thank you," and to your right-hand partner, "They use the toast left from breakfast." To which she replies, "How perfectly vile." This leads to a discussion of the lack of vitamins in a college meal.

Helpful Hints:

1. Lack of vitamins causes scurvy.
2. Scurvy causes the teeth to drop out.

VI. Salad:

You should say to the partner on your right, "What kind of dressing is there?" To which she should reply, "It's perfectly vile." This leads to a discussion of what they do with the inside of the lettuce?

Helpful Hints:

1. Lettuce is said to cause cancer.
2. Napoleon died of cancer of the stomach.
3. They used that dressing last night.

VII. Dessert:

You should say to the partner on your right, "I wish we'd have ice-cream." To which she should reply, "So do I." This leads to the discussion of "Why don't they have it?"

Helpful Hints:

1. That it is not an ice-cream night.
2. That anything in the form of pudding is an aggregation of the week's refuse.
3. That one is still hungry.



May Day

Our Freshman year was not college at all—it was May Day. We were no institution of learning, but a vast stock company, attending classes and accepting such crumbs of knowledge as were unavoidable by way of relaxation in spare moments. Work began at dawn with little groups of serious dancers hopping about in patterns under the arches, just to get a little extra practice in before breakfast. It continued all day in weird manifestations that would have baffled even an uncasual observer. Someone in every hall was always making pretty posies out of Denison's colored papers with the most imbecile earnestness. Basketball, Track, Junior Play, Senior Play, Glee Club, and half of Freshman Show went the way of all good studies that year, and were heard no more. Life was one great rehearsal.

There was no escape—if you were a Maypole dancer, a beef-eater, a cyclops, a fury, a fool, a chimney sweep, or in one of the plays, your waking hours were spent with the single end in view. The Costume Committee set up an elaborate dress-making establishment on the top floor of Cartref and seethed there, knee-deep in scraps and snippets. Scenery was less of a problem—it was chiefly a matter of keeping off the grass. In fact, to allow one's foot to fall off the sidewalk was a thing to be spoken of with bated breath and a whisper of the sacred words "May Day". When the May Queen went to the Infirmary with a blemish to her complexion two or three weeks before the date which to all intents and purposes marked the end of the world, an hourly bulletin was issued to the listening campus by the Board of Health. She recovered, but such was the general concern that she was, roughly speaking, personally put to bed by the Apple every night.

Mrs. Skinner was like a benign deity calmly surveying all. Samuel Arthur King was omnipresent as the grass-hoppers in June. The classes in articulation did not exist. One was expected to absorb a knowledge thereof at rehearsals, and we all learned a great deal about Hamlet and taking snuff and other well known items. The climax was reached when he was playing Thisbe to Dorothy Burr's Pyramus, and the latter blandly asked, "Am I to take these advances seriously, Mr. King?"

At the first outdoor rehearsals we all split our voices on an adverse wind, and were doomed to hoarse whispering for days to come. In Robin Hood the horses got excited by Em Anderson's rushing in at full gallop, and charged

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down the bank, spreading panic among the spectators, who always gathered to watch Em's melodramatic and Mediaeval entrance. Mr. King stood about and waxed eloquent on horsemanship.

Of course when the great day came, in spite of all the influence exerted for months past by the weather bureau, it rained, and the labor of many moons degenerated into a vaudeville in the gym, with tea served as an essential inducement. Mary Roberts Rhinehart spoke. Naturally, just as the few hundred undiscouragables were about to go home the sun came out, and *Robin Hood* with Friar Tuck and Will Scarlet and half the merry men gone on a bat in town, suddenly pulled itself together, and hastily cut some lines behind the chicken wire, where the cold tea, hairpins, and hand mirrors for the actors were kept, and gave an untraditional performance not to be paralleled for zest, spontaneity, and gusto. But the banners flapped on the towers all night and all day Sunday in a clearing wind, and Monday was May Day all over again.

In the quiet sheltered, academic campus we now know, it is hard to recognize the land of maniacs that it was Freshman year. And riddled with reporters! The search lights of the world were upon us. The European situation wailed in vain. No one paid any attention to it. The Sunday papers featured nothing but the big festival at Bryn Mawr, which Miss Donnelly called the only thing in life that was good stuff enough to compare with a Chinese funeral.

* * * * *

If

If you haven't time for training
If your hours of sleep are nil
If your eyelids feel tremendous
And your yawns are hard to kill,
There is one thing I can offer
Which will give you time to rest
Take courses full of lantern slides
And snore away with zest.



Athletics, 1919-1920

All-round championship won by 1921

HOCKEY

won by 1921

Captain—V. CORSE

Manager—E. BRIGHT

Team

E. BRIGHT

A. SMITH

M. MacFERRAN

M. DENN

E. PAGE

A. HOWELL

C. McLAUGHLIN

V. CORSE

H. RICE

F. MARTIN

K. RAHT

On Varsity—E. BRIGHT

WATER POLO

won by 1921

Captain—H. RICE

Manager—D. STEWART

Team

A. SMITH

A. FITZGERALD

V. CORSE

A. HOWELL

J. RICHARDS

H. RICE

E. PAGE

SWIMMING MEET

won by 1921

Captain—A. HOWELL

Team

L. AFFELDER

F. KNOX

E. PAGE

E. MATTHEWS

E. BRIGHT

F. MARTIN

J. RICHARDS

A. SMITH

E. HURD

H. RICE

THE 1923 CLASS BOOK

APPARATUS MEET

won by 1921

Captain—A. SMITH

Team

I. BEAUDRIAS

F. MARTIN

A. SMITH

C. McLAUGHLIN

J. RICHARDS

E. VINCENT

M. SCHWARZ

TENNIS

won by 1923

Captain—H. RICE

Manager—R. McANENY

Team

H. RICE

E. BRIGHT

F. MARTIN

R. McANENY

C. GODDARD

On Varsity—H. RICE

Substitutes—E. BRIGHT

R. McANENY

College Champion—H. RICE

BASKET BALL

won by 1920

Captain—A. HOWELL

Manager—M. MacFERRAN

Team

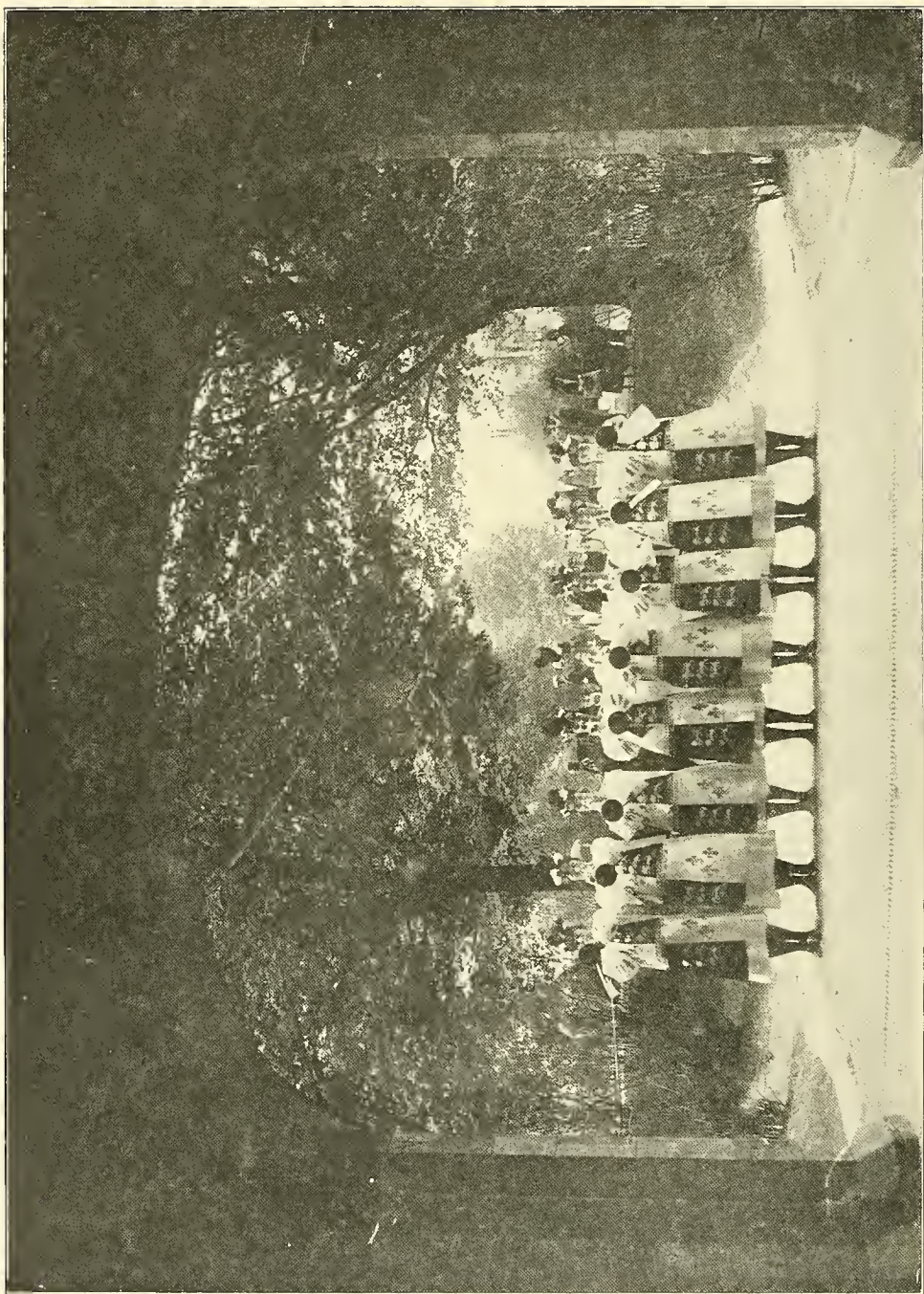
S. THOMAS

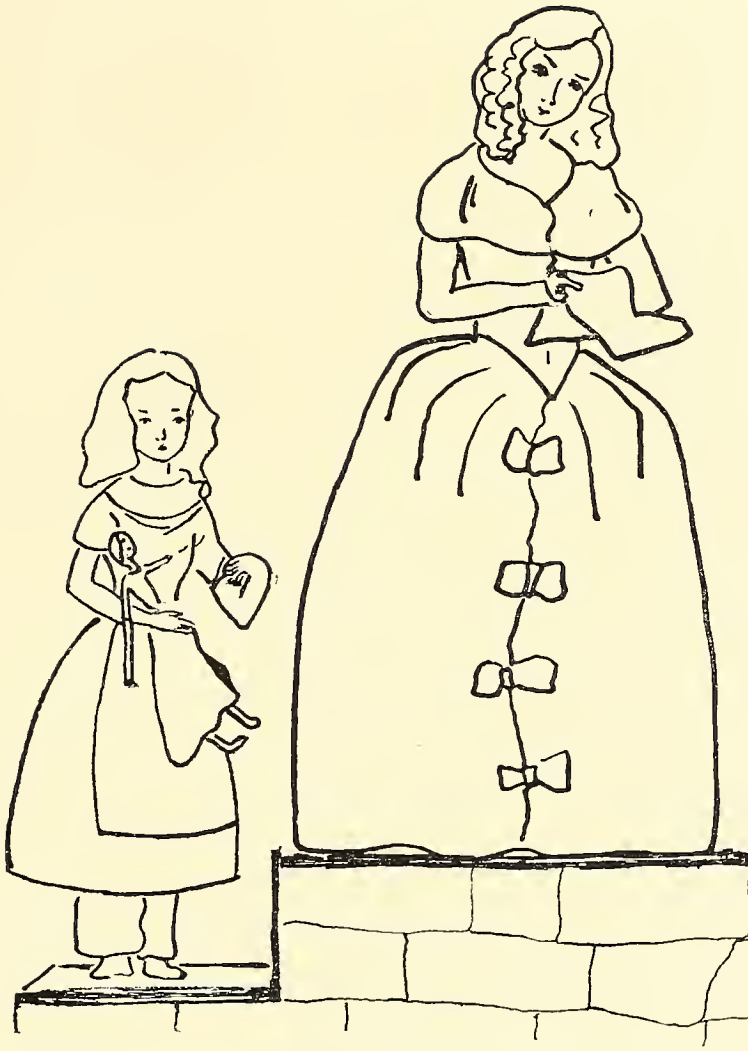
M. MacFERRAN

F. MARTIN

A. HOWELL

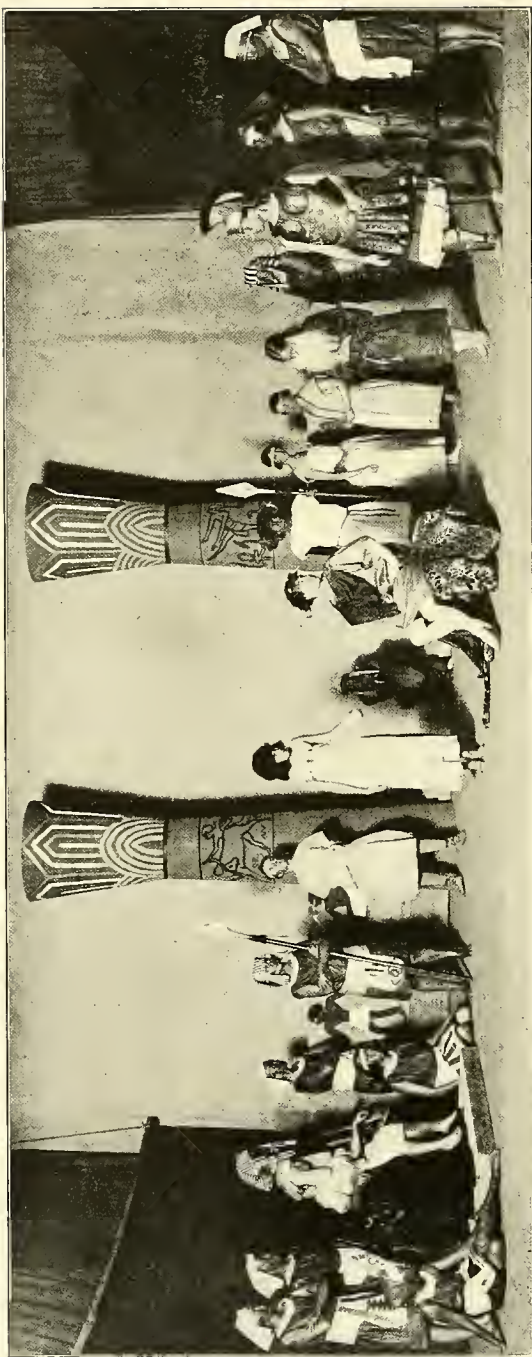
A. CLEMENT





Sophomore Year

And now she goat-like
Skips and joys
In idle sports
And foolish toys.



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HELEN RICE

Vice-President and Treasurer

ALICE SMITH

Secretary

DOROTHY MESERVE

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THE LANTERN—Harriet Scribner, Evelyn Page

Business Board, Marion Lawrence

THE COLLEGE NEWS—Elizabeth Vincent, Elizabeth Child, Lucy Kate Bowers.

Business Board, Frances Childs (resigned), R. Beardsley,
Sara Archbald.

SONG MISTRESS—Marian Holt

Caesar and Cleopatra

A cause of jealousy and blinding rage,
Was 1923's first debut on the stage,
To every class aspiring to fulfill
The standard of our histrionic skill.
Compared to Frank as Caesar Mr. Robertson
Seemed like a novice who had just begun,
And Maxine Elliot—well, as for her
Compared to Ellie—she's an amateur.
Our Caesar's air of dignified repose
Was greatly aided by her Roman nose
Constructed by the clever make-up lad,
Who little knew what a bad cold she had.
As for the stalwart Ftatateeta, she
In death exhibited nobility
All unsurpassed. And like a martyred saint
Protested not, nor winked, at the *red paint*.
When from the lighthouse high, into the sea
Lithe Cleo fell; (to show her family)
She rose up straight again (lest they should fret,
And fear, unknowing, that she had got wet.
There was a loud laugh—why I do not know
At the high dive of graceful Rufio.
Thus we all sported in the glaring light
Upon the opening (and only) night.

From this, dear reader, I hope you have gathered as I meant you to do
that in the whole wide world no living he or she—

Has any right whatever to think any play ever given is on a level with
our production of *Caesar and Cleopatra* except possibly our
Junior Play—*He*—

And I hope after all these hints and suggestions you will be able to
read some facts between the acts as it were and realize that our
dramatic ability—

Has not, is not, and never shall or may be equalled by any possible
stuck-up rival who tried to do anything half as fine as—hurrah for
all of us—the class of 1923.

Correct Campus Compartment

Every fall an increasing number of young girls leave home, some of whom have no place to go. It is becoming customary for these to enter some institution of higher learning, whence they will emerge in four (4) years with even less place to go. For these the following rules are offered.

CALLS, ENGAGEMENTS, ETC.

I. Calls may be of two (2) kinds. Telephone and social.

A. Telephone. (if answered.)

"Hello. No. Who? Oh. No, Not here." click.

(if calling.)

"New York operator? Reverse charges. Hello Mother. What? No, I've got my rubbers. What? No, I spent it all. What?" clickety-click.

or

"Hello Eddy." (he-he-he), door slams, stage whisper mounting to a shout. "Gotta have a chaperone. No—not an umbrella, a chaperone. Alright, Bellevue at one-thirty." click. Door opens. "Hey, Mary I got a date with Eddy".

Proctor.—"Ssh".

B. Social.

As soon as the occupant has left the room, caller approaches holding engraved card between first and second fingers of the right hand, and places it on the door.

Correct form for such cards would be:

For Gods sake pay me that \$.50.

Love and kisses—Susie.

or

"Gym. practice at 8 a.m. daily. Fines for non-attendance."

(It is safer not to sign this.)

or

"Thanks for your evening dress. Sorry about the soup. Try Carbona."

II. Engagements.

THE 1923 CLASS BOOK

A. Marriage. The desire of every young girl's heart. Difficult to attain and too sacred to describe. Rules for unannounced engagements are however necessary.

1. Always have one on hand.
2. Don't announce it. News travels fast and even the man might hear of it
3. Correspond furiously with your great aunts from New Haven.

B. Social.

"Students shall not have social engagements with the faculty." My God! who wants to? Q. E. D.

TEAS, LUNCHEONS AND DINNERS

I. Teas usually take place on Sunday afternoons and are of the following types.

- A. On the faculty. (If you need your merits.)
- B. Commercial.

1. To meet Aunt Nelly.
2. Us and our C. A. girls.
3. Gotta ask her to something, she sent me a Christmas card.

C. Sloppy.

A jolly get together to rip the proletariat up the back.

II. Luncheons. (Below the level of decent discussion.)

III. Dinners.

A. In the dining room. (See lunch.)

B. At the tea-house. This if possible is on a friend, and is usually enjoyed by all (but the friend.) Pick a friend in the upper ten and bet her a dinner at the tea-house she'll get above Low Passed in her next quiz. She, if she has any girlish modesty will titter and say, "Oh, no, of course I'll flunk." You smile and make some apt remark such as, "every dog has his day," and leave quickly. She will probably classify you as the meanest girl on earth, but you'll get the chicken pattie and butter-scotch sundae.

LECTURES, RECITALS, RECEPTIONS, DANCES, CLASS PICNICS AND SONG-PRACTICES

I. If possible don't go.

(Try and make a date with Eddie and if he fails you a week-end with mother is preferable.)

II. If going correct attire for the beau-monde is evening dress, a vacant expression, and snow-shoes. If not thrown out soon leave anyhow.

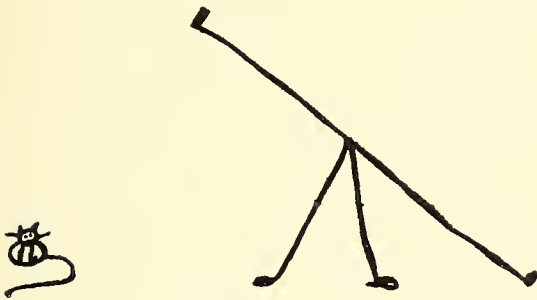
III. Having left, thank God—and remove the snow-shoes.



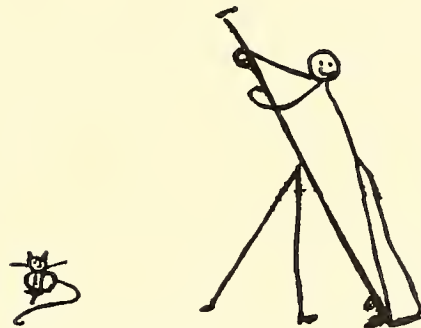
Man with short arms who wishes to pick up his cat.



He thinks he has solved the problem— but for future occasions he invents—

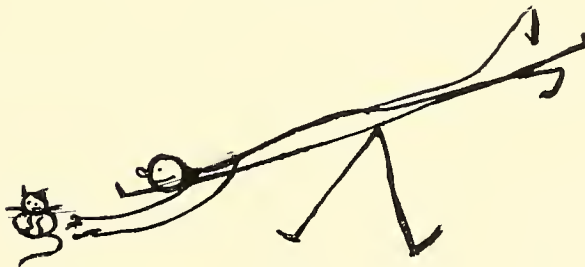


A little see-saw



Upon which he may lay himself

and



catch kitty.

In Memoriam

Of what should have appeared on this page and didn't. Here's why:

Editorial we: Ha! We'll put this in. It will take up a whole page, too.

Vice-Editor: (withdrawing it hastily) Oh, but we can't.

Several Editors: Why not?

Vice-Editor: Kay says they'll sue us.

Editorial we: How can they sue us if we don't mention names?

Editor-on-the-caboose: What's the plot of it?

Several Editors: A picture of some-one visiting an insane asylum—(deleted).
(Laughter).

Vice-Editor: Well, I suppose it *is* rather pointed to have her leading some-one to the College Infirmary.

Editorial we: It isn't so hard to guess *who* came from an insane asylum to the College Infirmary. (Laughter).

Several Editors: Oh, it implies she's crazy!

Editorial we: Well, if we don't *say* who it is, who will know whether we mean her or not, and how can she sue us?

Editor: No one can just walk up and say, you said I was crazy I'm going to sue you.

Another Editor: Can you sue a person for saying you're crazy?

Vice-Editor: Most people don't want the matter gone into. (Laughter).

Editorial we: One of the first proofs of sanity is admitting you are crazy.

Vice-Editor: Then, if you are crazy you wouldn't admit it, so she'll never sue us. Let's put it in.

Editorial we: It takes up a whole page.

Editor: Say birdie, we'd better not print that.

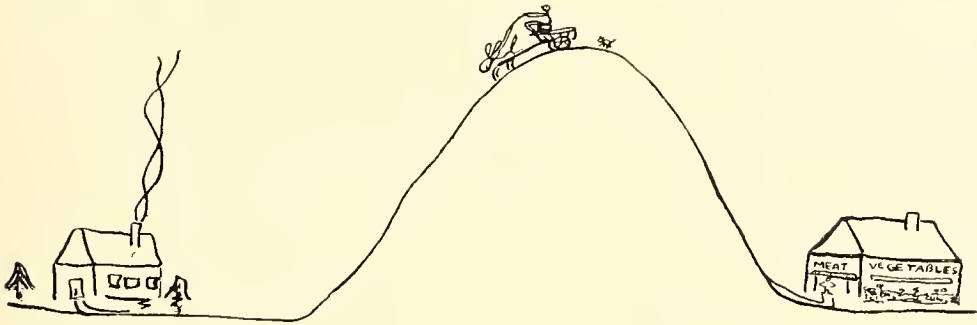
Chorus: Well—— (Long silence).

Chorus, (brilliantly): I know, we'll get D.M. to draw a picture!*

Quick Curtain.

(Now don't you wish we could have printed it?)

*Note: She did, but we put it somewhere else.



What Not

Herbert is bringing to Agnes, his wife,
Three chops fresh from the butcher's knife
Also a melon for afternoon tea,
And a sample of yeast which was given him free.

If I Must Need Glory I Will Glory In the Things Which Concern My Infirmities

As you take the Paoli Local you see the red and white notice:

EXCURSION TO ATLANTIC CITY—\$1.13

“Hooray”, you shout. “It’s Spring!”

Old debts are collected feverishly. \$1.13 is finally amassed. Then you find you can’t connect with the excursion train. More old debts and cashing in of room-mates stamps.

Hip, hip huzzah! Sunday comes and the train pulls in. You take the bus and arrive at the M-l-b-gh Bl-nh-m, sailing haughtily though the revolving door. If bell boys still pursue you continue revolving till they go for help. Then run, run, run; the barber shop is safe and interesting, even when done hastily.

Once on the Boardwalk dignity returns. You stop and change a dollar into nickels. With well timed investments in skee-ball and Japanese Ping-pong, you establish prestige and maybe win a prize,—a very artless Japanese prize. By luncheon you should have found a friend. If not the fatal question arises: shall it be butter cakes at Childs, or the Ritz, with sumptuous elegance but a very risky departure while the waiter is bringing your desert. If you choose the latter you can have your picture taken in a beach chair, aeroplane, automobile, or moon.

The day passes merrily, the last half hour is spent watching the sand artist till a quarter comes your way. Grab your ticket money, mount a *different* hotel bus and home. Your friends will pay for the taxi after you get there.

To My Teacher

Little boy Gray,
Why not cut a class,
And run o'er the meadows,
But not on the grass.
For if you do thith,
Although you wear panth
Miss Martin will whithle,
And lead you a danth.
Little boy Gray,
Spring has begun.
Do give us a cut,
And let's have some fun.

* * *

For two long hours
You've had the book
I had signed up,
You doggone crook!
But your act would not
Be so displeasing
If you would cease
Your breakfast sneezing.

As It Was In the Beginning

Sophomore Year we (1) Bobbed our hair, (2) Played bridge. Much too much, was said about our hair. A great deal was said, by outsiders, about our bridge. This, however, is what we said ourselves:

I. Four of Those Who Know Already:

Bye.
Without.
No.
Two hearts.
Honors?

II. Four of Those Who Know Nothing Much Yet.

It's your deal.
I dealt last time, I'm sure. No, she must have, because I shuffled them.
We're using the pink cards.
No, we're not, they have a funny picture on them. Well, YOU deal, then.
Oh, dear, I wish I knew what to bid.
"Two top honors in a five card——"
Yes, but they're not *top*, they're only a queen and a——
Well, I'm going to bid a club.
Say, what do you think you're bidding a club on? I have a whole flock of clubs, and an ace?
Good Lord, what assistance!
It's your turn.
Was that a trump I played?
Wait, wait,—I have a diamond I didn't see.
I know an awfully nice game.
Well, why don't you play, it's your turn.
Pounce is an awfully nice game.
Say, that was my trick you just took. Certainly I put the six on it.
Did we make it?
How could I do any better with that rotten assistance?
What were the honors?
Let's see, I had a king and a ten, and you gave me the Jack,—
No, I had the king, don't you remember I——
The king was in the dummy——
Well then it was the queen.
Did anyone have the ace?
Whose deal is it? It's yours.
No, I dealt——



Athletics, 1920-1921

All round championship won by 1921

HOCKEY

Captain—V. CORSE

won by 1921

Manager—A. SMITH

Team

A. SMITH

M. ADAMS

F. MARTIN

E. VINCENT

E. PAGE

A. HOWELL

C. McLAUGHLIN

V. CORSE

H. RICE

V. BROKAW

K. RAHT

On Varsity—C. CORSE

Substitute—M. ADAMS

WATER POLO

won by 1921

Captain—A. SMITH

Team

Manager—J. WARD

A. SMITH

J. WARD

V. CORSE

J. RICHARDS

H. RICE

F. MARTIN

E. PAGE

On Varsity—H. RICE

F. MARTIN

SWIMMING MEET

won by 1921

Captain—F. MARTIN

Team

V. BROKAW

E. MATHEWS

H. RICE

A. FITZGERALD

F. MARTIN

A. SMITH

A. HOWELL

H. PRICE

E. VINCENT

J. WARD

Second Place in Plunge—H. RICE

Third Place in Plunge—A. FITZGERALD

THE 1923 CLASS BOOK

APPARATUS MEET

won by 1921

Captain—J. RICHARDS

Team

I. BEAUDRIAS

F. MARTIN

A. SMITH

S. McDANIEL

J. RICHARDS

K. STRAUSS

C. McLAUGHLIN

M. SCHWARZ

E. VINCENT

TENNIS

won by 1923

Captain—R. McANENY (resigned)

Manager—R. BEARDSLEY

R. BEARDSLEY

Team

H. RICE

C. GODDARD

R. BEARDSLEY

F. MARTIN

H. PRATT

On Varsity—H. RICE

Substitute—F. MARTIN

College Champion—K. GARDNER, '22

BASKET BALL

won by 1921

Captain—F. MARTIN

Manager—A. CLEMENT

Team

H. RICE

F. MARTIN

E. VINCENT

M. ADAMS

A. CLEMENT

Substitutes on Varsity—A. CLEMENT

F. MARTIN



MUSSELINI

Wears a black Shirt

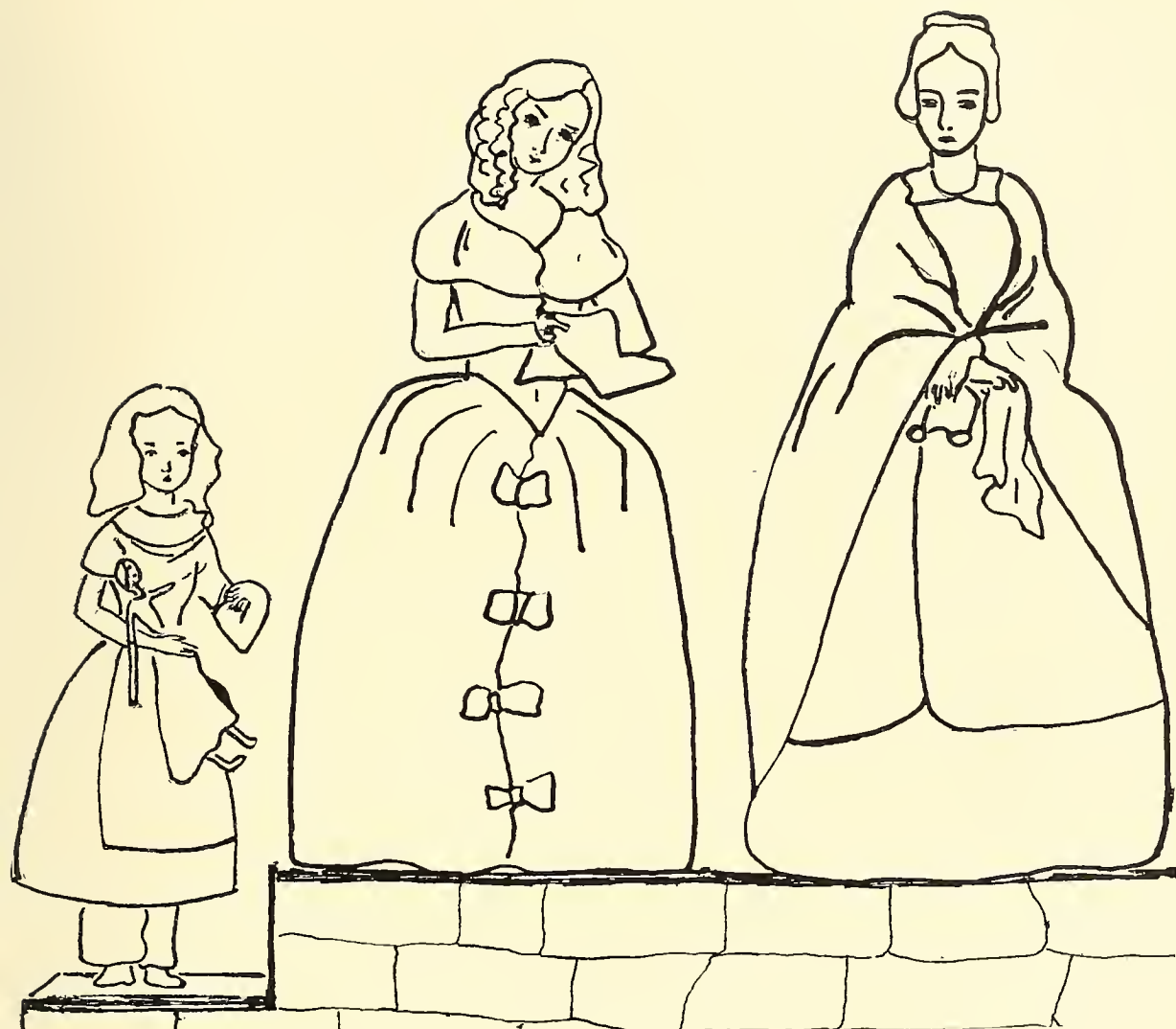


His Wife TONINI

Wears a black Skirt

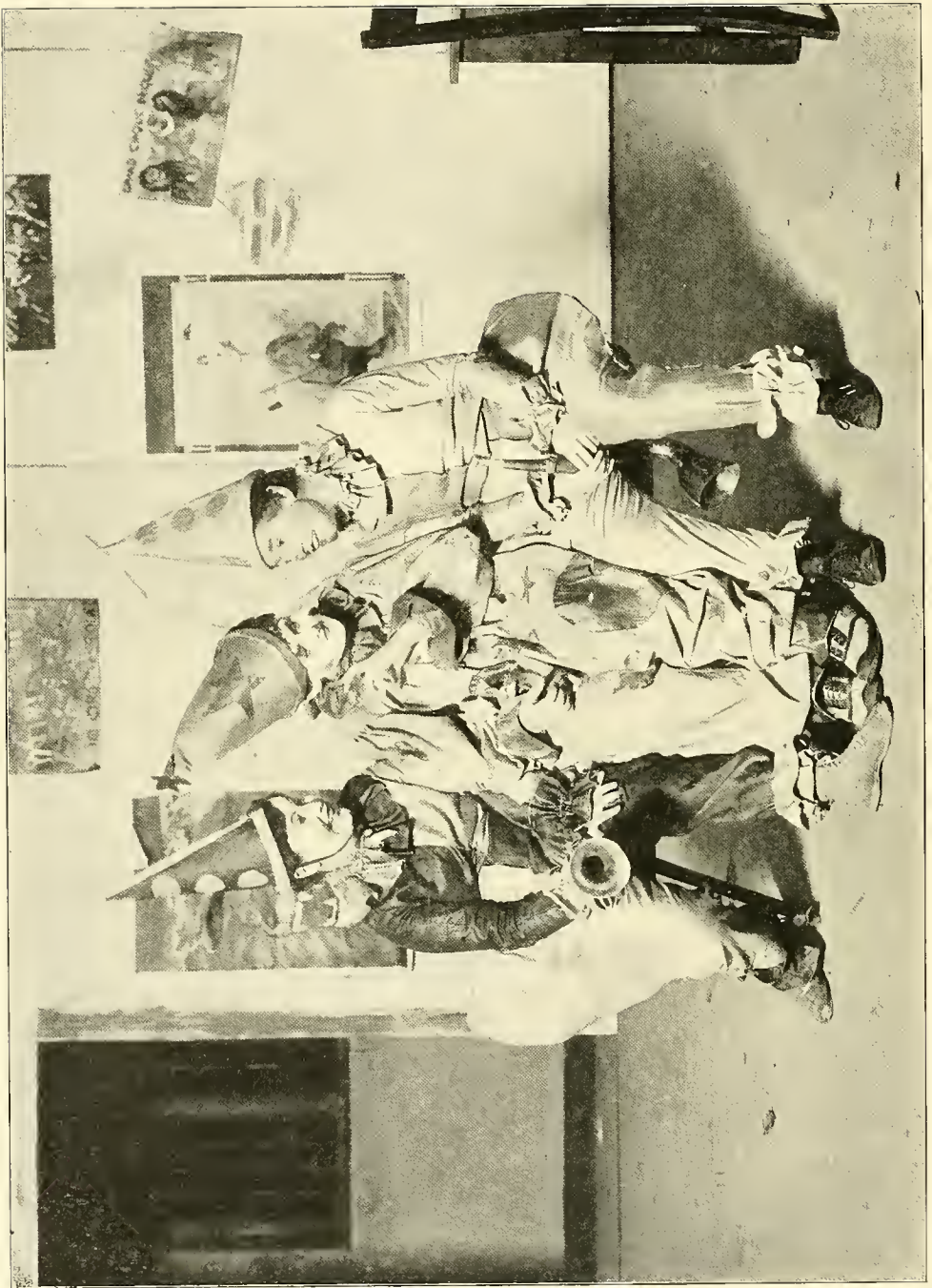
I hope they wash them

To avoid dirt.



Junior Year

Now second childhood
Loosens all her tongue
She talks of love
And prattles with the young.



Class Officers

President

JULIA WARD

Vice-President and Treasurer

AGNES CLEMENT

Secretary

ISABELLE BEAUDRIAS

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION—*Vice-President and Treasurer*, Florence Martin.

Secretary, Frances Knox

Advisory Board, Helen Rice

SELF-GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION—*Secretary*, Frances Matteson

Executive Board—Katharine Strauss,

Julia Ward

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—*Treasurer*, Elizabeth Vincent (resigned),

Harriet Price

Board Members—Dorothy Meserve, Helen Hoyt.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION—*Junior Members*, Helen Rice, Agnes Clement,

Virginia Corse

THE LANTERN—Harriet Scribner (Editor of *Welsh Rabbit*), Evelyn Page.

Business Board, Marion Lawrence.

THE COLLEGE NEWS—*Editors*, Elizabeth Vincent, Lucy Kate Bowers,

Elizabeth Child

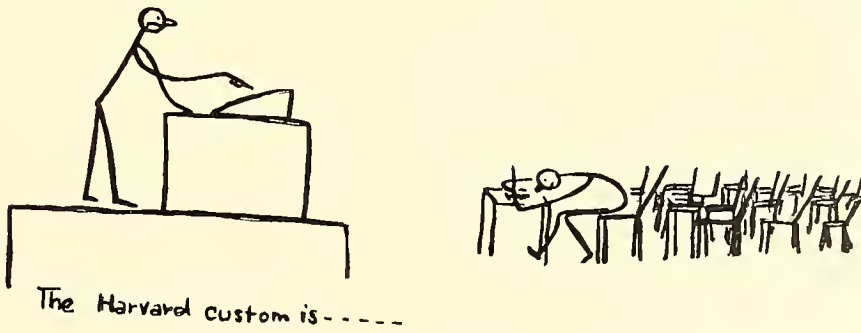
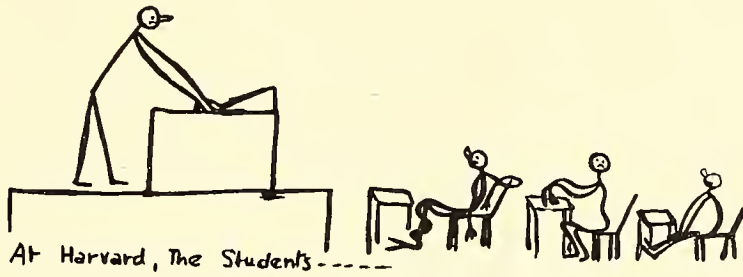
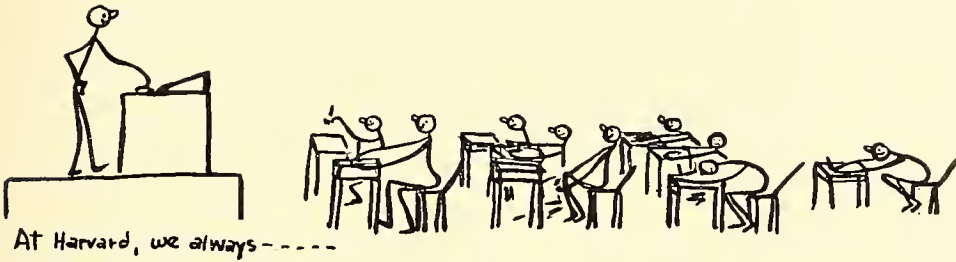
Business Board, Ruth Beardsley, Sara Archbald

SONG MISTRESS—Marian Holt.

**He Who Gets Slapped
or
Don't Take the Children**

Lena and Bumpupa Gainst, twins of tender years
Were taken to the Junior's play, in spite of mother's fears,
And saw Mancini, evil one, make bargains with Briquet;
"Is that the devil mother dear?" Lena was heard to say,
And then Zenida, whip in hand, with slanting eyes and wild,
Struck terror in the heart of mother's other child.
Her fright soon changed into delight when Consuelo came,
A maiden from the sawdust ring, the Bareback Queen by name.
The whitefaced man approached her, and tenderly he looked.
"Oh they must love each other, I guess their goose is cooked,"
Said Lena to Bumpupa, as their excitement grew,
When in the entrance there appeared a tiny boy in blue,
Brass buttons up and down his front, his trousers stretched a bit,
"It seems they must have stretched a point to put him into it."
The play went on, the end drew near, the children looked much sadder,
Mother wondered nervously, does the play get any badder?
"My God! the Baron shot himself", and on the scene appeared,
A stalwart youth in very "shorts", with shirt of red and white.
Mother gasped; she looked away; it didn't seem quite right,
For absolutely, without doubt, there could be no illusion,
That boy was scarcely covered, not even with confusion.
And when at last He passed away, mid unbounded tears,
Mother took the children home, and washed their sullied ears.

Dr. Draper's Law of Diminishing Returns



The Art of Attracting Proctors

(In a plain wrapper)

The title is a mistake. There is no art in attracting a proctor. Anyone can do it by the simple expedient of raising the voice after a specified hour, (10 P. M. except Friday and Saturday when it is 10:30) Singing and whistling are even more effective; but not everyone can sing or whistle, although most do.

The real art lies in de-tracting the second "proctor", and for this a thorough knowledge of proctors and their habits is necessary. Fortunately proctors, like fish or lecture notes, fall under definite heads. Proctoring serves the same purpose proverbial to intoxication,—it brings out fundamental traits of character. So we encounter:

The Personal Proctor.

Who retires at nine-thirty. At 10:01 she droops in and announces plaintively that you are ruining her rest. It is then advisable to argue exhaustively the fine technical points as to whether or not it is Quiet Hours until the bell stops echoing. If by 10:31 she is unconvinced it may be suggested that too much sleep is a bad thing, it makes one dull.

The Pleasure-Seeking Proctor.

A truly mean advantage. The social status of a proctor, on duty corresponds to that of a revenue officer. By the mere word "proctor" she is admitted to the most exclusive gatherings. Luckily such an one may easily be induced by systematic feeding to hold her hush. (Just try and "shush" around a mouthful of shredded wheat!)

The Impetuous Proctor.

Who thunders on the door, and bursts in shouting, "I proctor you!" On hearing her approach, always turbulent, stand directly before the door, thus as she opens it, by keeping hold of the handle and following the inward movement of the door, one arrives behind it, completely hidden. This fools them every time.

The Suspicious Proctor.

Who prowls about, and taps unexpectedly. It is best upon her arrival to extinguish the lights, roll oneself in a curtain, drop on all fours to resemble

a pillow, or make a noise like a waste basket. She will advance a few paces into the dark, rap her shins on a chair, and cry, "I hear you, you're proctored". As this is simply the result of annoyance caused by the barking of her shins, it may be charitably overlooked.

The Public Spirited Proctor.

One who, full of righteous indignation, enters in the small hour and says, "You're really *most* inconsiderate. Think of those poor people with a quizz tomorrow." To which it gives one pleasure to reply, "I am one of them. Didn't you see the Busy sign?"

The Absent Proctor.

Who leaves a different substitute each night. Thus causing hopeless confusion as to who is friend or proctor. In this case any suspicious person should be treated as a proctor, i. e. given dirty looks until she has stated her business,—if any.

The Ideal Proctor, (brought in by the new system)

Oneself. Amenable to reason, easily attracted. Can silence other people so that they will listen to one's own particular noise.

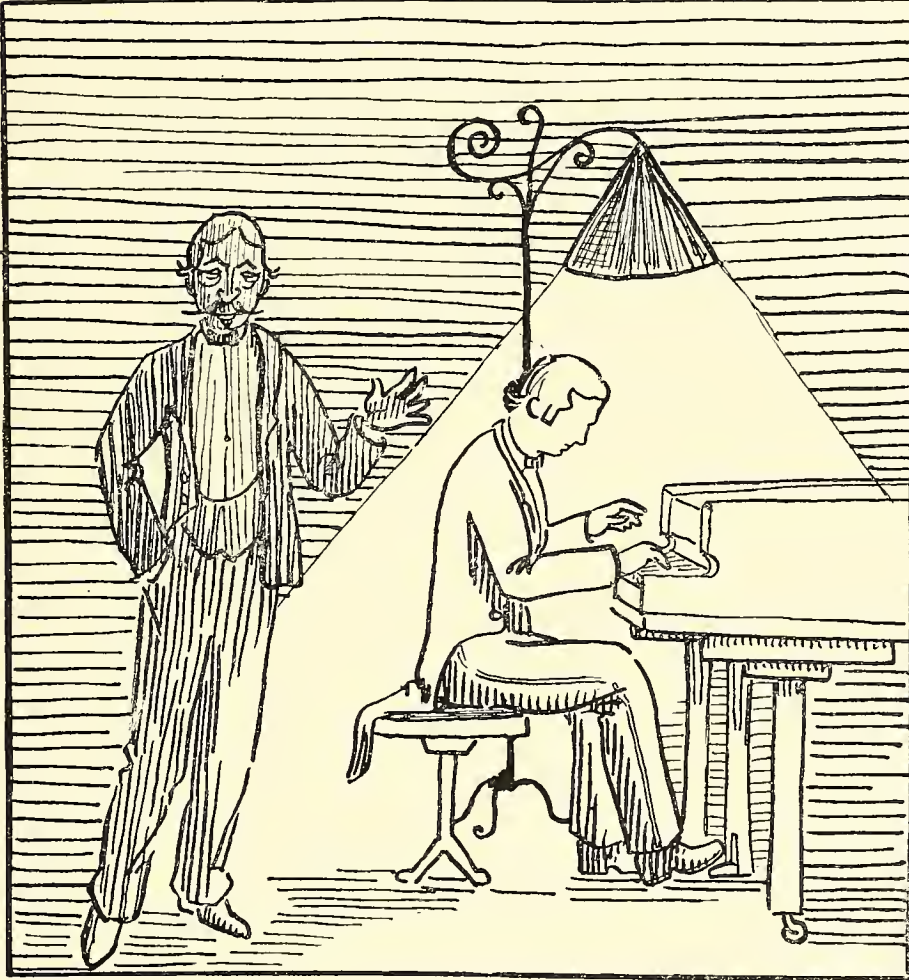


Each morning I get up at eight.
I tub and I dress; then I'm late.
If I did not stop to dress
I might be on time, I guess.

Junior-Senior Supper Play

“Once More Oh Ye Laurels.”

Of course we didn't like to bid 1922 farewell. Who does enjoy Good-bye? But we hid our true emotion, and entered into the conventional spirit of the thing. With what stoicism we attended to every detail, discussing peas versus asparagus at class meetings; and then, after the vote was taken, "But maybe they don't mean fresh peas, they don't say so." We bargained with Miss Ratcliffe. "Of course after the first five or six banquets I'll understand perfectly." And Mr. Dougherty! Did ever a carpenter know less about tables? The decorating committee had darling little ideas—almost too little, and they wouldn't grow when we got them on the table. Four finger-bowls full of violet each guarded by a green candle. Even if *The Lady from the Sea* was twice as long as we had imagined, the soup was hot and the singing no worse than usual. In fact we enjoyed the whole affair—all but Julia who gasped at the last minute, "Gosh, Aggie, I haven't slept a wink for weeks. Suppose some idiot in '22 takes two daisies—there won't be enough to go around.



One woe is past
Behold there come
Two woes more hereafter



No News Is Good News

The Generals of the Press are met,
Their princely meal before them set,
And gravely, as you well can see,
They ponder upon Policy.

Arising staidly from the floor,
Harangues them now their Editor:
"O sly and sapient Colleagues, speak!
What shall the College think this week?
What new courses shall we advocate
For the Average Undergraduate?"

"The Freshman class is parlous bold,
Three times has Pembroke's toast been cold.
Red Business Office tape has gall'd
The Glee Club, all the grass is bald,
The papers print a patent fib.
There's vandalism in the Lib.
We ought to give up flowers for Bates,
And learn to know the Graduates.
The pool is full of dirt C. A.
Is growing weaker every day.
And what is over four times worse,
The teaching system is a curse.
Of these abuses we must seek
To remedy a few this week."

"No, no", in accents firm though mild
Remonstrates Senior Censor Child,

"These things you say, alas! are true,
But they can wait a week or two.
Upon a theme far less banal
Our flaming editorial,—
The topic of the hour is this:—
'The Opportunities We Miss'".

The applause which greets these words is short,
'Tis broken by a scornful snort,—
And every eye, accordingly,
Is turned to rest on L. K. B.

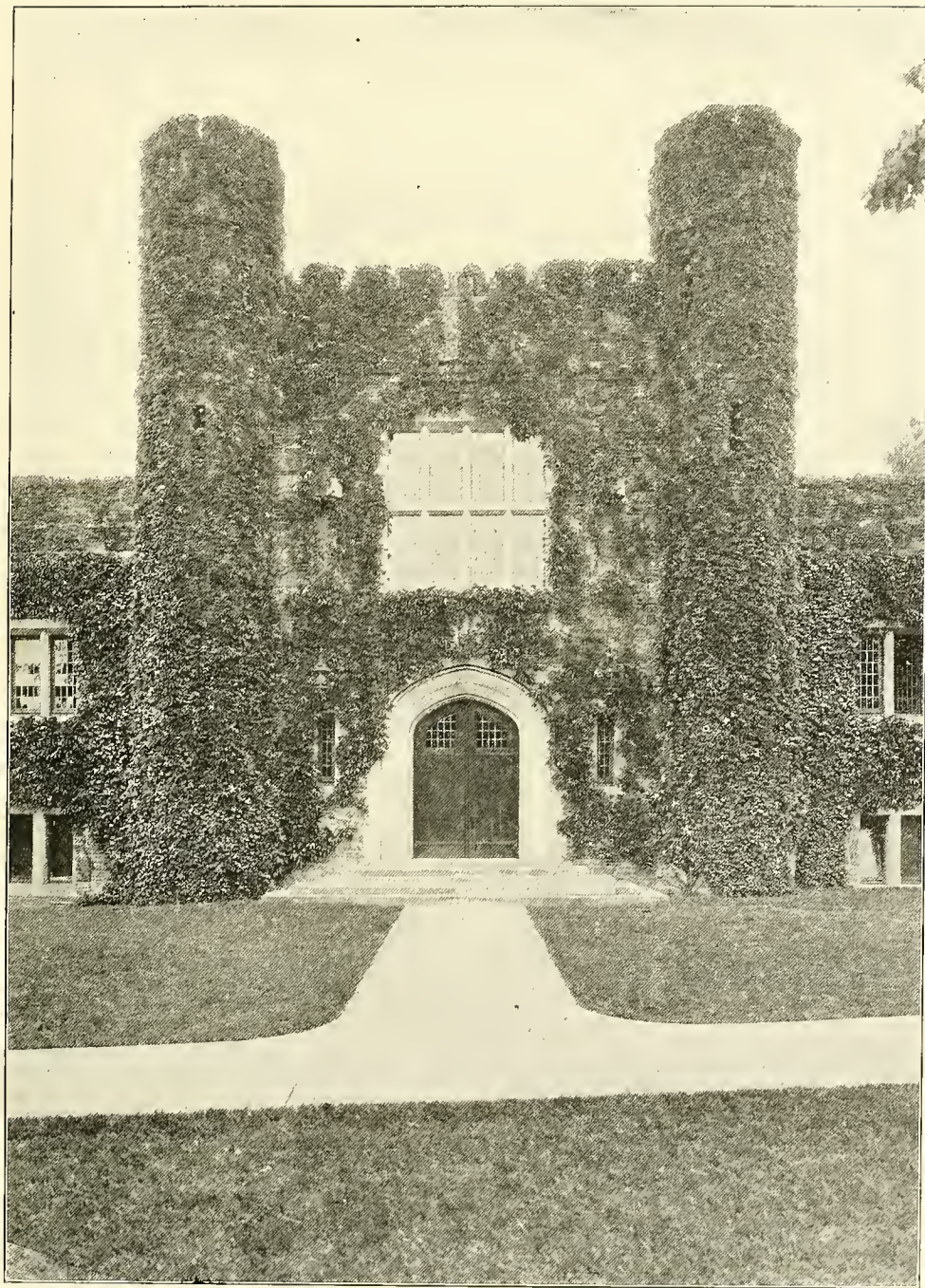
"Who'd think," cries she, her shredded wheat
Down-flinging, "that Bryn Mawr's elite
Is creamed to bring you here! Upon
My word, what gross obtusion!
You see the Student Body go
Abject and morbid, to and fro,

You know the reason and the cure,
And yet you leave them to endure
Their pangs. One little word would cheer
The Campus gloom, viz., 'Spring is here!'
Great Dolts! We print, if anything,
An editorial on Spring."



Drink, Pretty Creature, Drink !

These commissions undertake
Nelson, for the students' sake,
Who with foresight order these,
And now as ever strive to please.
Fetch some milk for Dr. Ch- -
For Dr. Brown a cup of glue,
For H-r-ce, G- - rge, and Ch- - les some tea
To their salubious jollity ;
Dr. L. for strength 'gainst fate
Requires one pint corrosive sublimate.
Get Dr. D-l-g-na purest water,
Such that you would give your daughter,
And (this at last to end your load) a
Glass for Dr. S. of whisky-soda.



Athletics, 1921-22

Athletic championship won by 1922

HOCKEY

won by 1922

Captain—V. CORSE

Team

Manager—V. BROKAW

M. ADAMS

A. SMITH

F. MARTIN

V. BROKAW

E. PAGE

A. HOWELL

C. McLAUGHLIN

V. CORSE

H. RICE

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On Varsity—H. RICE

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F. MARTIN

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On Varsity—H. RICE

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J. WARD

SWIMMING MEET

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V. BROKAW

H. PRICE

A. SMITH

A. FITZGERALD

L. MILLS

E. VINCENT

F. MARTIN

H. RICE

J. WARD

J. RICHARDS

First Place in Dives—A. FITZGERALD

First Place in Plunge—H. RICE

THE 1923 CLASS BOOK

APPARATUS MEET

won by 1922

Captain—J. RICHARDS

Team

J. RICHARDS	A. SMITH	K. STRAUSS
I. BEAUDRIAS	C. McLAUGHLIN	E. VINCENT
M. SCHWARZ	S. McDANIEL	F. MARTIN

Third Place in Individuals—K. STRAUSS

TENNIS

won by 1922

Captain—R. McANENY

Manager—R. BEARDSLEY

Team

H. RICE	C. GODDARD	R. McANENY
F. MARTIN		R. BEARDSLEY

On Varsity—H. RICE

Substitute—F. MARTIN

College Champion—K. GARDNER, '22

BASKET BALL

won by 1922

Captain—F. MARTIN

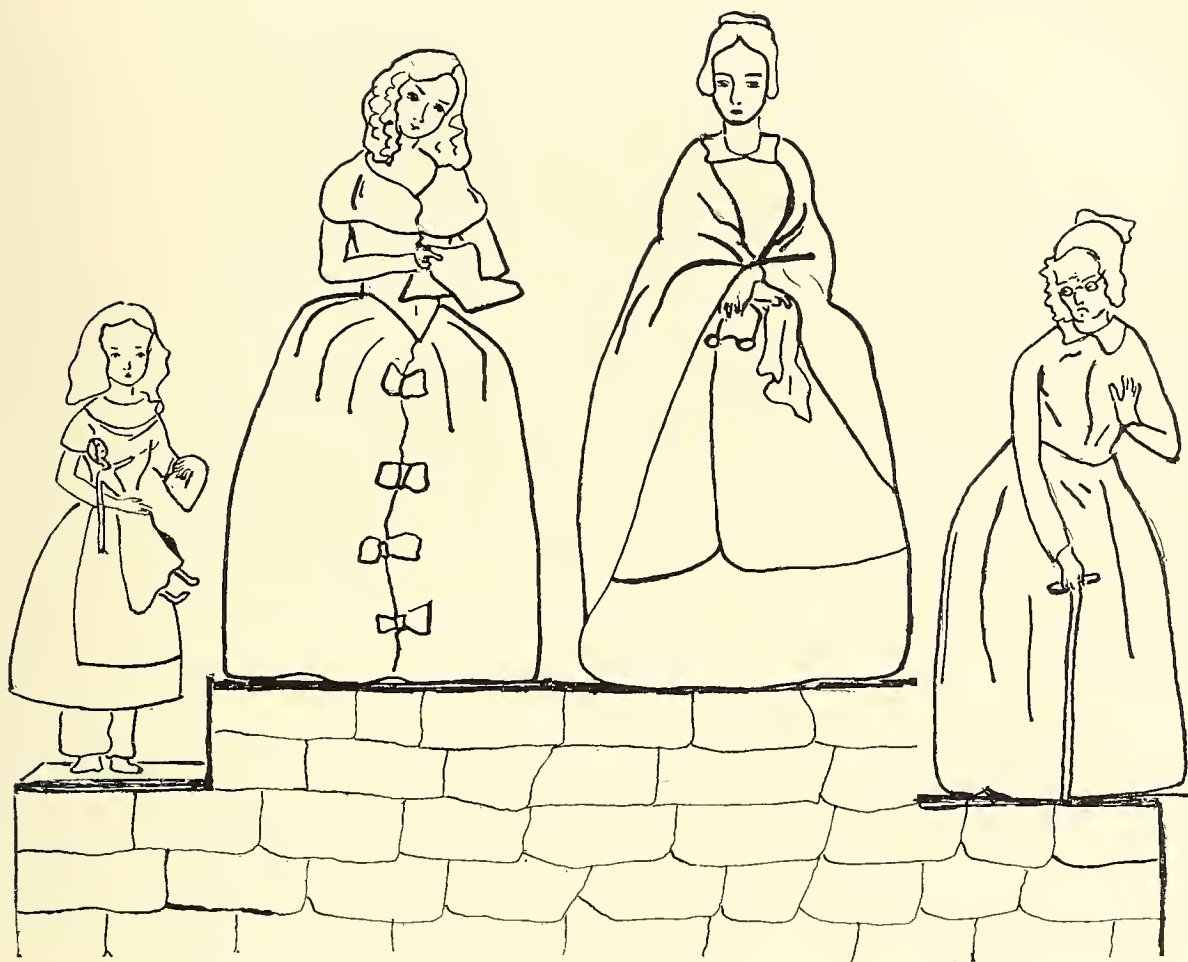
Manager—A. CLEMENT

Team

M. ADAMS	F. MARTIN	A. CLEMENT
H. RICE		E. VINCENT

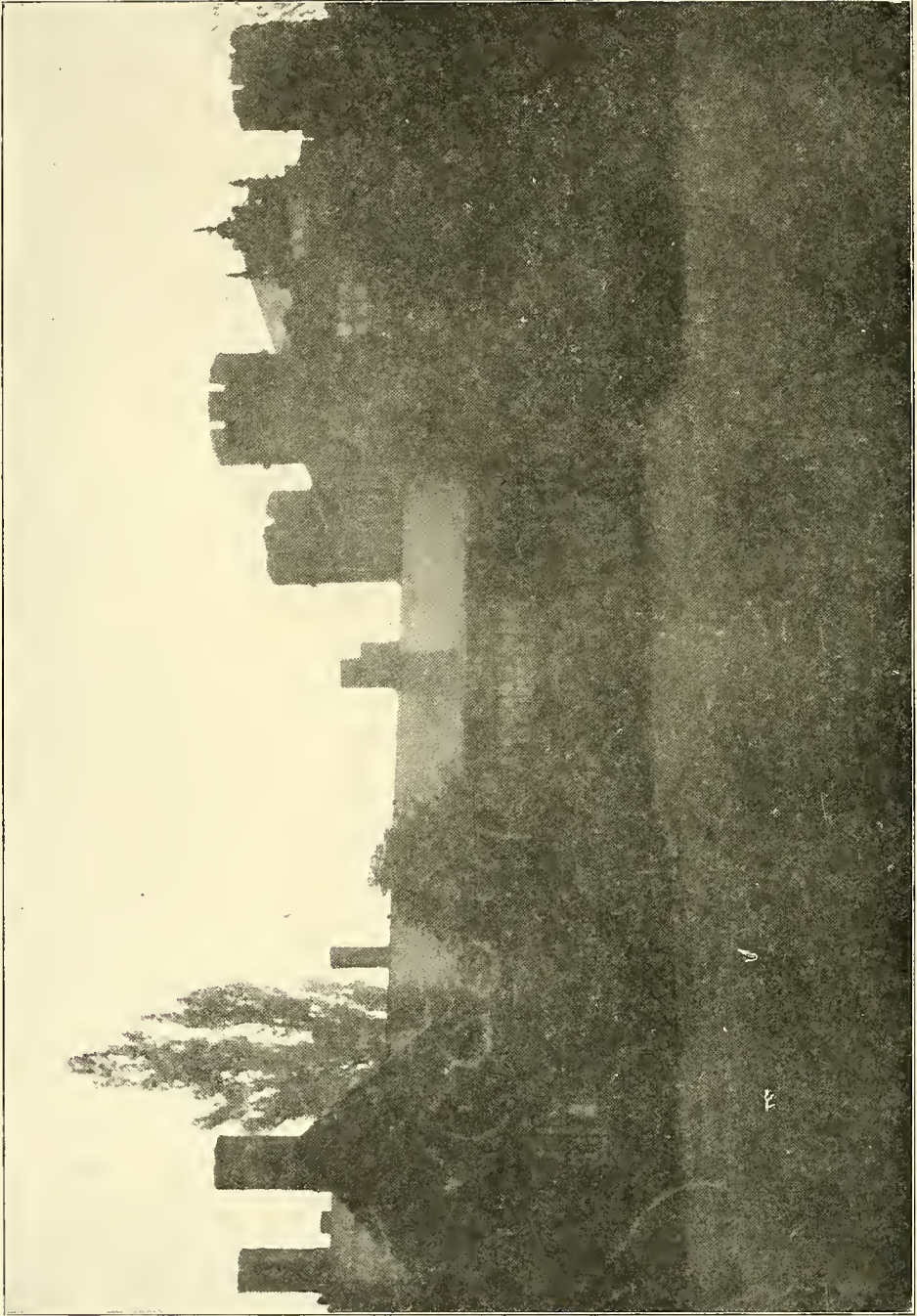
On Varsity—A. CLEMENT

Substitute—F. MARTIN



Senior Year

Her looks are gone,
She has no beaux
Nought but the grave
Awaits her toes.



Class Officers

President

KATHARINE STRAUSS

Vice-President and Treasurer

MARY ADAMS

Secretary

RUTH BEARDSLEY

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION—*President*, Florence Martin

Advisory Board, Ann Fraser

SELF-GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION—*President*, Julia Ward

Vice-President, Katharine Strauss

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION—*President*, Dorothy Meserve

Vice-President, Esther Rhoads,

Board Members, Helen Hoyt, Harriet Price,

Isabelle Beaudrias

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION—*President*, Helen Rice

Vice-President, Virginia Corse

Senior Member, Agnes Clement

GLEE CLUB—*President*, Haroldine Humphreys

LIBERAL CLUB—*President*, Celestine Goddard

Vice-President, Augusta Howell

SCIENCE CLUB—*President*, Mary Adams

FRENCH CLUB—*President*, Isabelle Beaudrias

THE LANTERN—*Editor-in-Chief*, Evelyn Page

Editors, Dorothy Meserve, Harriet Scribner

Business Board, Marion Lawrence

THE COLLEGE NEWS—*Editor-in-Chief*, Elizabeth Vincent

Editors, Lucy Kate Bowers, Elizabeth Child

Business Board, Ruth Beardsley (Manager),

Sara Archbald

SONG MISTRESS—Katharine Raht

Horulty — or the Hunting of the Mark

HIT WITH FAITH
OR
THE VANQUISHING

They hit it with ankles, they hit it with toes
They pursued it with sticks and hope
They threatened its life with remains of foes
They charmed it with smiles and soap.

They shuddered to think that the chase might fail
And frail Fenwick excited at last
Went bounding along on the tip of his tail,*
For the daylight was nearly past.

"There is Carpenter shooting," rough Rowley said,
"He is shooting like mad all about,
He is waving his stick, he is lunging ahead,
He has certainly knocked Flippet out."

They gazed in delight while bold Bullock exclaimed
"He was always a desperate churl"
They beheld him—their David—their hero unnamed
On the top of a neighboring girl.

Erect and sublime, for one moment of time
In the next that wild figure they saw
As if stung by a bumble, lurch forth in a tumble
While they waited and listened in awe.

"Knock him out" was the sound that first came to their ears,
From a maiden who sat on the bank,
"He flunked me in history." She burst into tears
While David looked only more blank.

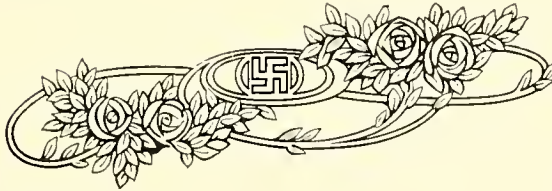
*(shirt).

THE 1923 CLASS BOOK

Then silence, Brunnel making radical runs
Mid weary and wandering sighs
That sound like yawns, but spectators declare
Were only put into surprise.

They hunted till darkness came on, but we found
Not a button or middy or hair,
By which one could tell where they fought on the ground
When the faculty crept from its lair.

In the midst of these words I am letting you see,
In the midst of my laughter and play,
God has softly and suddenly whispered to me
“Once more, every dog has his day.”





Why does this unscrupulous crew
Hang out of the window and coo?
They happen to know
That Kuku has a beau
And they covet Kuku's beau beaucoup.

Esoteric Hysteria

MISS PRESIDENT PARK:

Good Friend:

I used to be Street Sweeper in House for silly people in Italy, and am always feel much interested in such things. Today I am street sweeper to Bryn Mawr, so I came to be great traveller, what you call "man of world". My brother he travel with me, and now he work in same place you do. You know him maybe? His name like mine.

Well, Miss President, our interests yours and mine are same, so it seem—I mean not street sweeping, but silly people—I think I write you to ask why things look the way they do last week. I was seeing my brother when outburst began. I heard great noises, some with slight musical suggestion, mostly just terrible noise like circus or bird house in zoo. Silly people all at once get outside house while silliest people causing outbreak put on top of house a very ancient piece of pool table cover from Joe Gilley's billiard parlor. They seem so much excite about so dirty thing. They was most noise as ever. Thinking real war to come I ran home to get attractive salt and fiddle.

I not hear more from this day and want to hear cause, both why and why not. Perhaps you dead? If yes, can I help?

Your friend,

GUISSEPPI VERDI.

* * *

Fire Drills

In winter we get up at night
Undressed and angry at our plight
In summer quite the other way,
If college burned, we'd shout "Hooray"!

Spring on the Campus

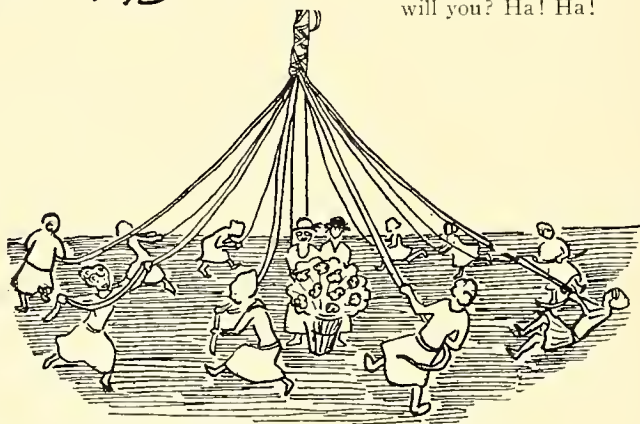


THE UBIQUITOUS PICNIC

Maggie has just tossed Annie a hard boiled egg with the remark: "Break this on your head for me, will you? Ha! Ha!

MAY FIRST

Seniors rally
round the mast in
true sailor fashion.



Snow, snow, beau-
tiful snow,
Sit on the steps and
freeze your toe.
Ratsy dear, why
must we sing
When May is
winter and not
Spring.

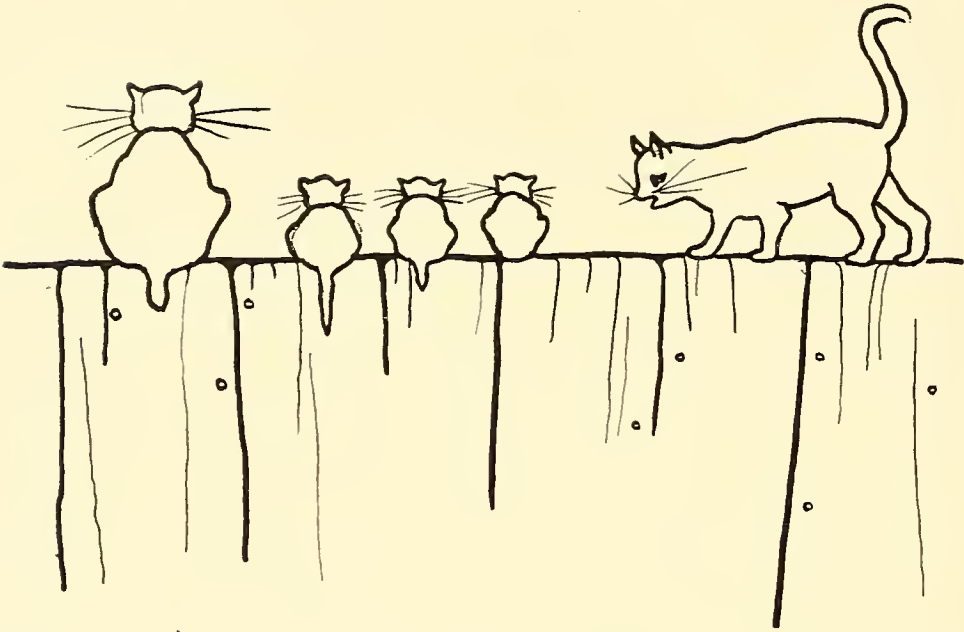
Nut Yet, Nut Yet, Nut Yet!

When I was of an earnest bent
To Bryn Mawr's portals I was sent
To cultivate my brain.

I've studied every now and then,
I've gone to movies, played with men,
And acted quite insane.

Do I regret the lack of knowledge
With which I somehow got through college,
Who knows, or wants to know?

And now when face to face with life,
I may become somebody's wife,
Who knows, or needs to know.



The teachings of science
Are set at defiance
We can't call it Mendel, but scandal.



In Those Who Have Gone Before But Still Come Back

How sleep the Brave?
Oh not at all
Nor anyone else
In the whole hall.
Alumnae, everyone abhor
They are a pestilential bore
They come each spring with loud huzzah!



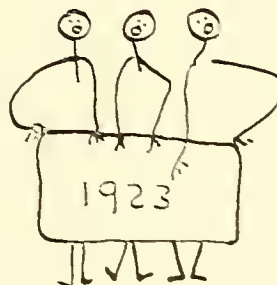
They leap and sing and cry Rah Rah!

All night their withered voices rend
Our peace
and sometimes even tend
To make us mad and furious.
A thing both sad and curious
Since very soon, oh sad but true,
We will be just as bad as you.

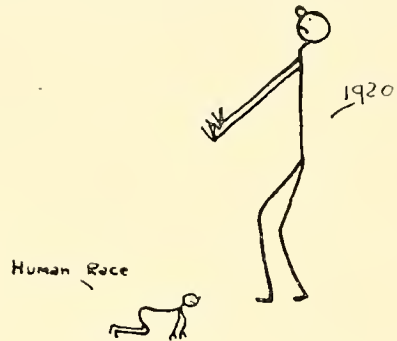


1921

We'll always mourn, that you were born



Who held the human race in scorn



And merely smirked and nodded, thus
How perfectly ridiculous!



1921

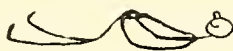
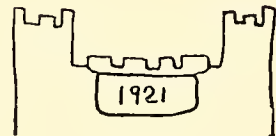
The nicest class we ever knew
Was '21

not '22

Enthusiasm is the word
Which since their day has not been heard.
In everything that class excelled,
Our championships



they always held.
And surely none will blame the red
If college still feels overfed.



1922

We never knew that you were there
So offer you this silent prayer.

Finis



Graduating With Honors

Summa Cum Laude

DOROTHY BURR

EDITH MELCHER

Magna Cum Laude

FRANCES CHILDS

HAROLDINE HUMPHREYS

ELIZABETH VINCENT

EVELYN PAGE

Cum Laude

ELIZABETH GRAY

AUGUSTA HOWELL

HELEN WILSON

FLORENCE MARTIN

MARY ADAMS

KATHARINE GOLDSMITH

ESTHER KIRKPATRICK

VIRGINIA MILLER

DELPHINE FITZ

HARRIETTE MILLAR

KATHARINE STRAUSS

ISABELLE BEAUDRIAS

MARY CHESTNUT

CELESTINE GODDARD

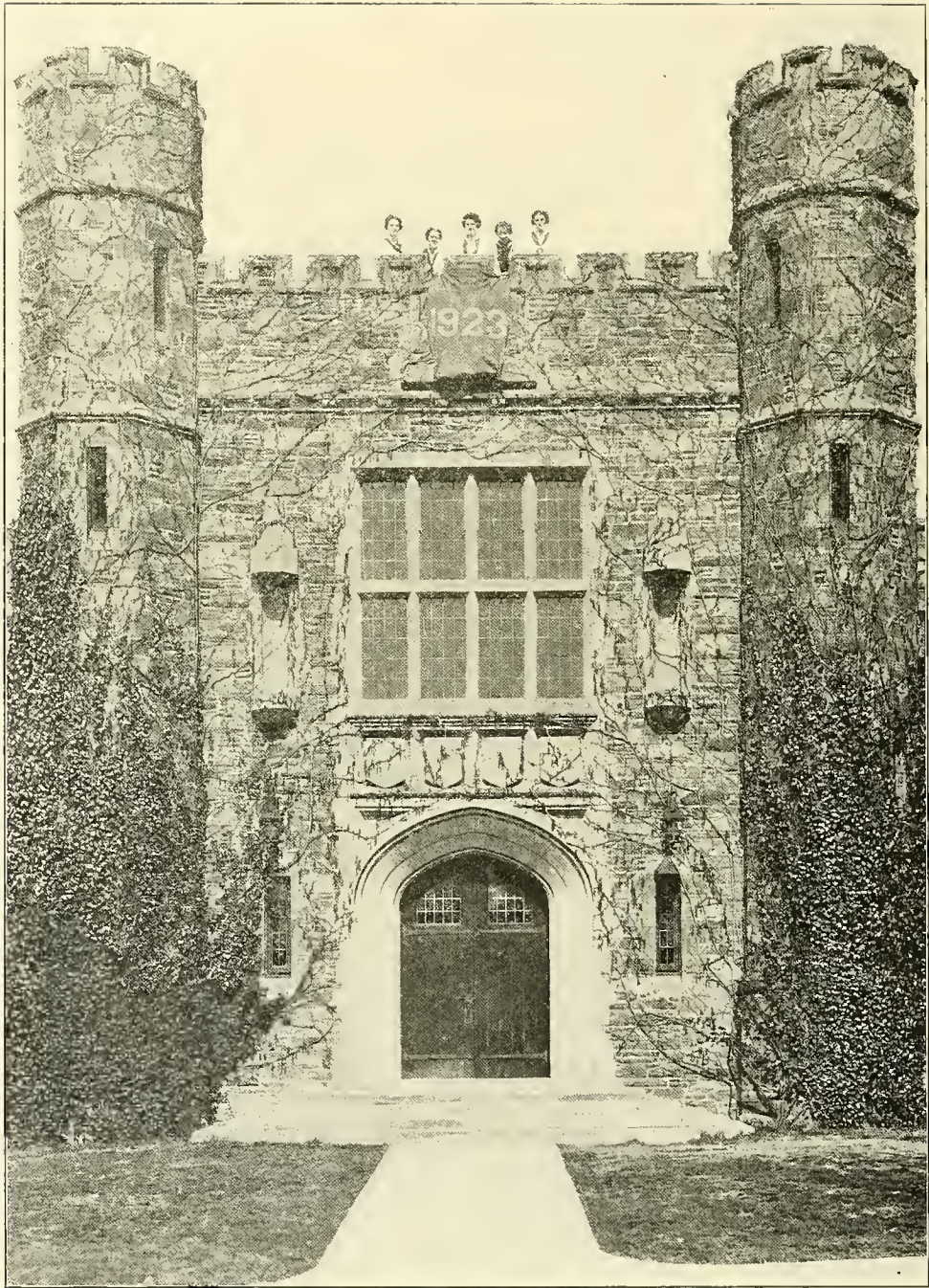
European Fellow:—DOROTHY BURR

George W. Childs Essay Prize:—EVELYN PAGE

Sunny Jim:—FLORENCE MARTIN



Athletics





Athletics, 1922-1923

All round championship won by 1923

HOCKEY

won by 1924

Captain—V. CORSE

Manager—V. BROKAW

Team

A. SMITH

M. SCHWARZ

H. RICE

M. ADAMS

V. BROKAW

J. WARD

F. MARTIN

V. CORSE

E. VINCENT

C. McLAUGHLIN

E. PAGE

Varsity Captain—H. RICE

On Varsity—M. ADAMS

E. PAGE

V. BROKAW

H. RICE

V. CORSE

A. SMITH

F. MARTIN



WATER POLO

Captain—J. WARD

won by 1923

Manager—L. MILLS

Team

D. MESERVE
J. WARD

A. SMITH
V. CORSE
H. RICE

L. MILLS
F. MARTIN

Varsity Captain—F. MARTIN

On Varsity—H. RICE L. MILLS

J. WARD F. MARTIN

Substitute—V. CORSE

SWIMMING MEET

won by 1926

Captain—A. FITZGERALD

Team

L. AFFELDER
V. BROKAW
A. FITZGERALD

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College Champion—H. RICE '23



BASKET BALL

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Captain—A. CLEMENT

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M. ADAMS

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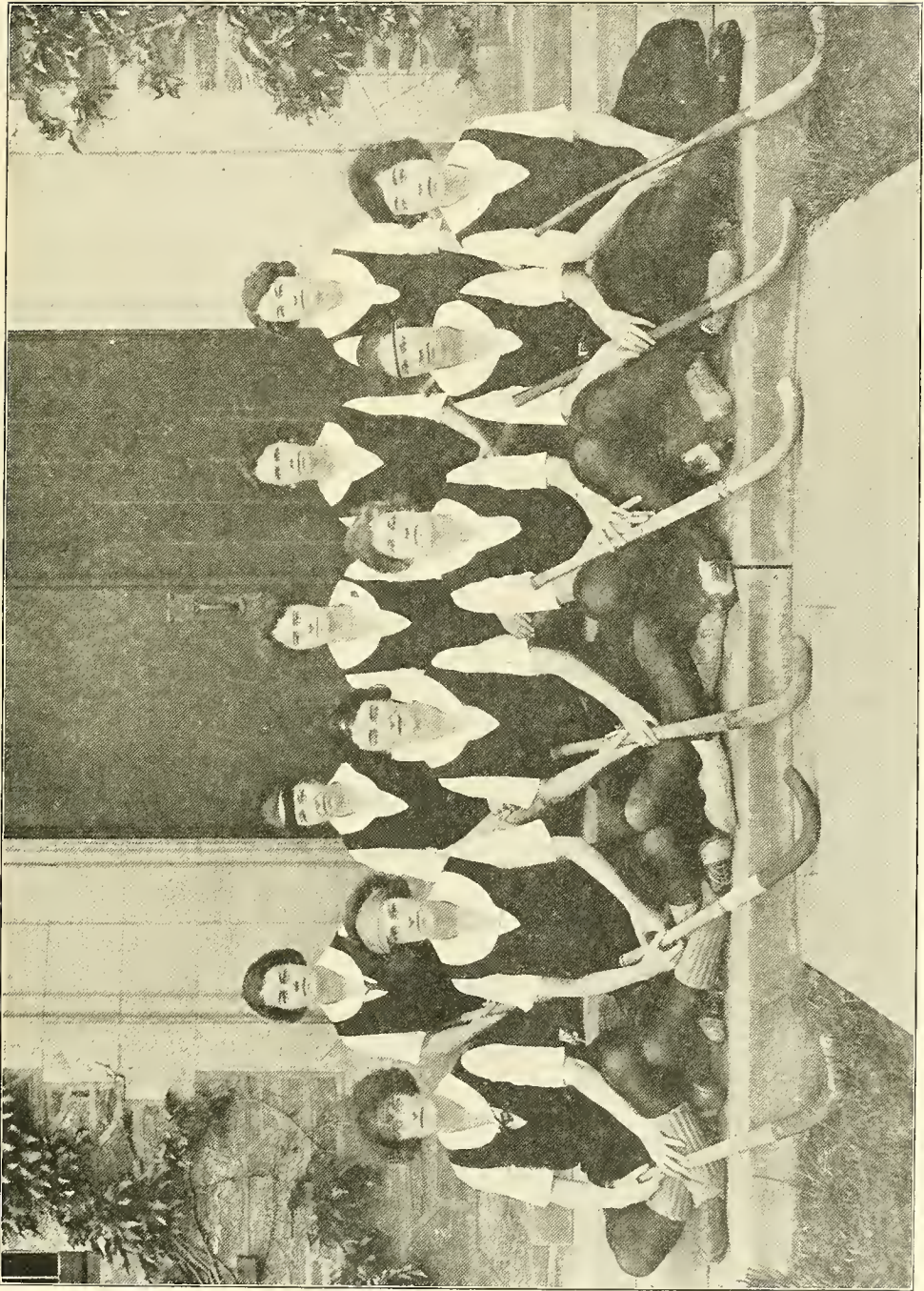
A. CLEMENT

E. VINCENT

Varsity Captain—A. CLEMENT

On Varsity—A. CLEMENT

F. MARTIN





"OUR HONORARY AND MOST HONORED MEMBER"



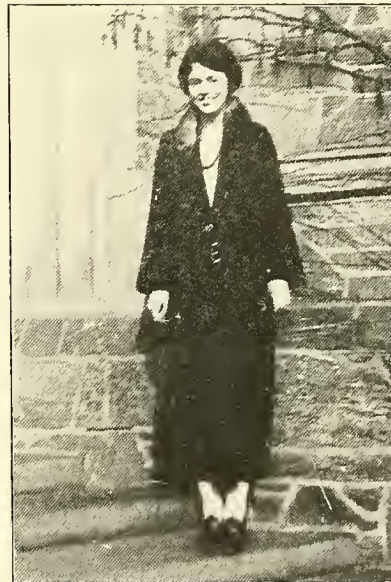
MARY ADAMS



LOUISE AFFELDER



SARA ARCHBALD



RUTH BEARDSLEY



ISABELLE BEAUDRIAS



LOIS BENNETT



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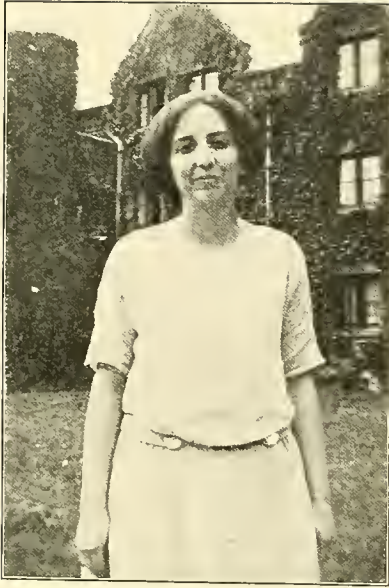
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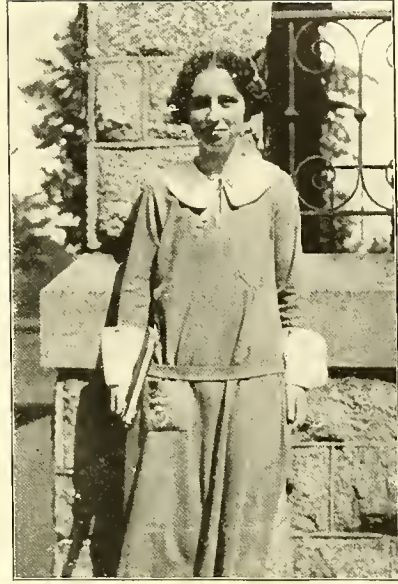
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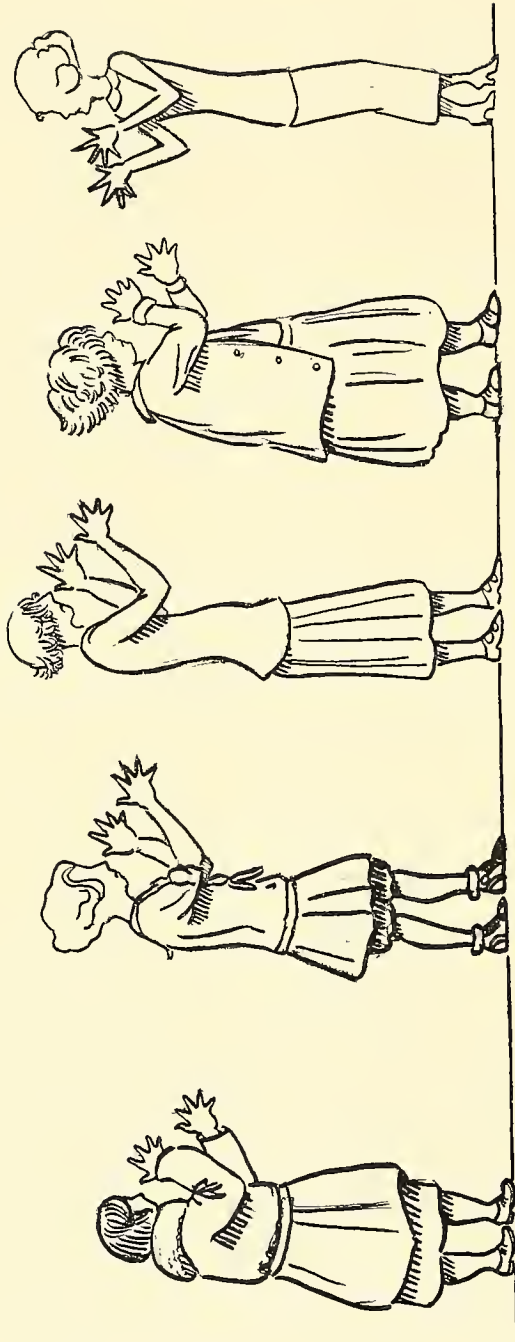
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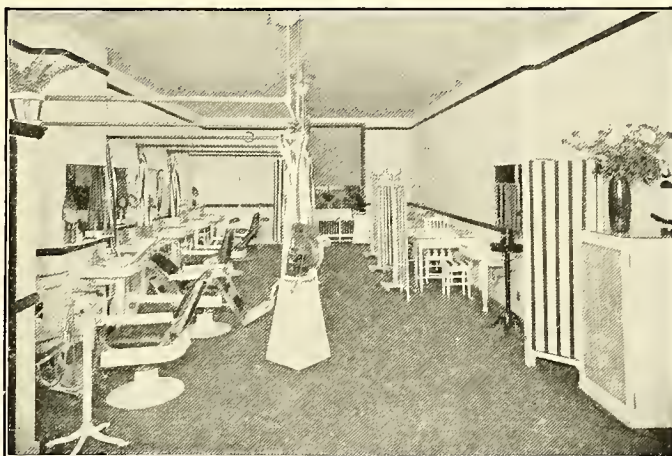
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